THE SABLE'S COSTLY SKIN. GARMENTS MADE OF IT

FETCH A FORTUNE. of Them Worth \$20,000 To Wear th in Russia and the Northern Cities and Courts of Europe is a Mark of Dis-tinction - How the Skin to Obtained,

It was after the close of the theatrical performance, and the woman who had attracted the admiring gaze of many eyes during the evening was on her way with her escort to the carriage in waiting at the entrance. With her wrang donned in preparation for the sharp winter air she had taken on a new phase of splendor, and the satin-gowned lady of the proscenium box was queenly as she went through the vestibule in a magnificent saule-fur cloak. Two men standing near the door as she passed noted with pleasure her beauty, set off by the rich mantle, which displayed beneath the lights the sump-tuous sheen, softness, and intensity of tint that

are attributes of the coatly furs of Russia.

"Did you ever see beauty more splendidly adorned?" said the younger man. "What can compare with rich furs for those who can wear them with so stately a grace. Her cloak was the cloak of an empress!"

A second-hand garment," laughed the other, a sportsman who had travelled and hunted in many lands and lattitudes.

What do you mean? That cloak second 'All the same it was worn years before it came

to her, and the material was originally shaped to a very different style of figure, which it fitted much better than it fits her. She is the first human being to wear it. I grant. Come with me to-morrow morning to the taxidermiat's, or better still, to one of the great fur stores and we'll find out something about these first wearers, the big sleek weasels for whom they were everyday winter garments." At the fur store which, the two friends visited

next morning-fortunately for their purpose it was raining and customers were few-they found the manager at lelsure and quite willing to inform them as to the original wearers of the splendid cloak which they had admired in the 'I know the cloak of which you speak," he

"It is of Russian sable, the best that is worn on this side of the water. She paid for that at least \$15,000 in Paris. Berlin, or St. Petersburg. Here is a sable skin," he continued,





The set of the first own was a control of the contr



German royalty."

The man who had travelled and hunted now took his turn in talking of the sable. "I saw some sable hunters in my Russian travels," he said. "It was at a town called Geverns, a peat station in Miberla, situated in a regime of gleony pine forests, which furnish, one as he lettropy pine forests, which furnish, one as he lettropy pine forests, which furnish, one as he lettropy in the second on the same of workers and bears to entertain one as he lettropy in the second on in starting on our journey westward, and I was detained at Oevensk by a snow storm for several days. On the second day these came into the settlement three hunters on snowshows drawing behind them a sleeke with broad, flat runners on which were packed their camp outfit and a bundle of sable, ermine, and squirrel skins, robled in the hide of an enormous bear that they had killed after a hard fight a few days before.

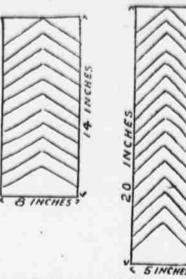
"They were a revisic-looking party as they stock life into the station stanping the snow from and beards and hooded for many their look had short spear or juvelin were strapped to their sledge. Like hunters in general, they were inclined to be tactium, and suspicious of any questioning, but after they had drank some inordinately big horis of visik and cot warm and rested after their long tussle with the storm, thy were persuaded, on learning that I was an American, to tell me a little about their life and calling. The head official at the station, an educated Russian who spoke good English acted as incremental and angerous life. One of them, a half-breed Yakut, had resembly been turn in the face and same preter, and also gave me some information on his own part.

"All of the hunters bore marks of their hard and dangerous life. One of them, a half-breed Yakut, had resembly been turn in the face and ealing. The head official at the station, an educated Russian who spoke good English acted as microprate and other reviews and, the sable is to the lower than that of time bought he had cut with his axe. They had begun their h



of garments worn by the maids of honor to German royalty."

The man who had travelled and hunted now took his turn in talking of the sable. "I naw some sable hunters in my Bussian travels," in said. "It was at a town called Devensk, a post station in Siberia, situated in a region of The outside pieces left in the cutting are used



for various trimmings, as of cloaks and dresses, or in the manufacture of a second, but still valuable, grade of muffs and dippets.

One reason that makes the finest fur garments so costly is this selection of only a choice part of the skin. Thus a great many sables are represented in the cloak of the lady you saw at the theatre. The fur of the sable is very rarely dyed, but in some kinds of particularly light that the tips of the hairs are dipped in black dye. Those persons who try to secure furs at bargain prices in cheap and irrespondible places need to look out lest dyed mink skins be paimed off on them for sable.

A QUEEN IN INDIA.

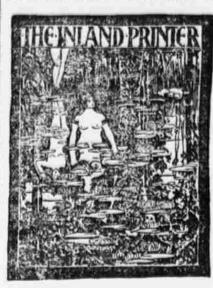
She Is Pretty, Wears Many Farrings and a Nose Button, and Speaks English,

From the Boston Evening Transcript. The life of a queen is not altogether so ethereal and bilasful as some of us ordinary mortals would suppose. It has drawbacks and inconveniences innumerable. This is particularly India. The present Maharanee of Kunical is no exception. This daughter of the East, so much admired and loved by all who are so fortunate as to meet her, exists among a host of worshippers,

FIN DE SIECLE ARR. and White Effects by Will H. Brad-ley, the American Wonder,

From the Chap-Book. Once upon a time a stove company gave an artist his own way. The performance was memorable for two reasons. In the first place, it was an unheard-of occurrence—for artists are merely slaves in the eyes of a stove company; and, secondly, it gave the artist the first opportunity for expressing himself. The result, as one might have guessed, was a happy one. The artist's work was better than anything he had done, and the stove company's advertisement was unusually attractive.

That was the beginning-three or four years ago. Since then things have mightly improved.



ONE COVER.

And now, where he is known at all, Mr. Will H. Bradley is recognized as one of the eleverest

deparative artists we have. Unfortunately, in this country, no such attention is paid to the study of decoration as in England; we have no schools like South Kensington marked in the lives of the Brahmin queens of and Manchester and the Handleraft Guild, and we have no masters like Housman and Ricketta. Gaskin and Gere, Horne and Image, Morris and Walter Crane.

When, therefore, a man of us does good work and shows a feeling for decoration, his achievements become noteworthy. And on this score Mr.



THE SERPENTINE DANCE.

Bradley is deserving of great praise. A man of slight training, he has come to a prominent place from his splendid sense of the value of black and white. His use of black has always been his strong point; he has massed it deliberately and wisely; his work has been knowing, and it is always self-conscious. It is artistically artificial. It is never accidental.

From the day he made the decorations for the stove company until he drew the pictures reproduced in this number of the Chap-Book he has religiously devoted himself to black and has developed a manner all his own

So far little of his work has appeared in a place to attract general attention. He has done several things for Vogue, pleasant bits of black borders, head pieces, and the like quite unlike what any one else does, and interesting for that reason.

He has also designed a number of covers for

They are clever things, and



A SKIRT DANCE.

a skillt dance.

unusual. The July cover is on the whole, one of the best things he has done; the conception is rood and the treatment splendid. The blacks reflected in the waters are very decorative and the water fewers are beautiful. The September cover, too, is a pretty things quite different in manner, although of similar suggestion.

in his design for the Thanksgiving issue Mr. Bradley has taken motives as old as the hills, and has so treated them that they are intensity new. With merely a group of turkeys and some celery tips for materials he



made a really beautiful cover, done in has made a really beautiful corer, done light lines and sweeping curves. The turkeys are decorative, the celery is very graceful; the whole drawing conclusively idealistic. It is an excellent expression of the season's characteristics.

Bradley most: It is rather for the promise of good things to come which these drawings give. They fill one with the lita that Mr. Bradley is only feeling about in search of his best line; they convince one that he has ideas—the Thanksgiving design especially is full of thought—and they suggest great possibilities.

Of late he has made a beginning in posters. His wisdom in the massing of colors, the inevitable beauty of his curves, and his taste in placing the right thing in the right place, give him a pseuliar advantage in this sort of work. The design for the Chap-Rook announcement was very good in its way—I had no meaning; there was no attempt at appropriateness in the invitation of the weird young ladies and it was distinctly grotesque, but it answered its purposes, it attracted attention. And there were some pleasant things about it. The red chrymanthemiums on the red ground are very eleverly done; the red decorations appearing in place of hair are nicely shaped, and the general color scheme is charming.

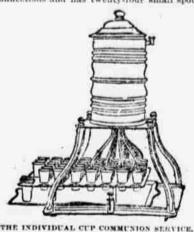
Another poster design, but recently finished and not yet on view, is to advertise Mr. Frobman's production of "The Masqueraders." It is an encremous thing, absolutely unlike any show bill ever seen before, and far and away the best thing we have had in this country. It will give Mr. Bradley a broader reputation and a better position than he has occupied as yet, and it will instify comparison with such men as Dudley Hardy, Engene Grasset, Lautree, and Cheret.

The instinctively perfect sense of the proper disposition of things is the accret of his success. He arranges his lines and his masters of the proper disposition of things is the accret of his success. He arranges his lines and his masters of the proper disposition and the develops, as he learns better drawing and has greater opportunities, there is every reason to believe in his ultimate mastery.

H. S. S.

INDIVIDUAL COMMUNION CUP.

Chiengo Presbyterians Adopt It-The Cups and the Manner of Filling Them. From the Chicago Tribune, The Belden Avenue Presbyterian Church, the



running out of its bottom. To fill a tray of cups it is slid under the tankard until one-half the cups come under the spours. Then a spring is touched, and the wine is in the cups. The tray is then moved along a little further, and the remaining cups are filled in the same way. All this takes only a few seconds.

The trays are of peculiar construction. They have two bottoms, two inches apart. The upper one is perforated with forty-eight heles, arranged in the shape of a square, in which the forty-eight cups of wine are set to hold them securely. The holes only permit the cups to go half way through. Then on two sides of the square are rows of holes a little larger to hold empty cups. In these holes the cups sink all the way, and one empty cup can be placed on another until they are ten deep if necessary.

When the congregation is to be served the minister, with the aid of the desicons, fills as many trays as are necessary. Then each deacon takes a tray full of cups to the end of a pew and places it in the hands of the first occupant, who drinks a cup of wine, places the empty cup in a marginal hole, and hands the tray to the person sitting next to him. The tray passes in this way to the next aisle, where a deacon starts it back in the next pew behind the first, just as is done with a contribution plate.

The new communion service, which is rapidly coming into use all over the country, is made of various materials. Some sets are of solid sliver, some of plated ware, and some of aluminum. They are decidedly beautiful, of whatever material made. They are also immensely popular wherever they have been introduced.

ARTISTS IN CHAPPED HANDS. One of the Devices Used by Beggars to Get Money from the Charitable,

A very pitiable object he looked as he stood in the entrance to the elevated railroad stairs at Twenty-eighth street. His form was bent, his face pale, his eyes closed, as if in blindness, and he cowered close to the wall to escape the cold rain that was driving in before the fierce wind, A box hung about his neck containing his wares pencils, and be held a bunch of these in hands that shook as if with palsy, and showed seams and cracks apparently bleeding from being chapped by the cold and wet.

'Huy a pencil," he whined. "Help a poor old man with a few pennies."

A lady and a gentleman entered the station, and as the plea of the wreich reached her cars the lady stopped and took out her pecketbook. "Here, my poor man," she said, dropping a dime into his outstretched hand. "Never mind the pencil. I don't want it. Just see how his hands are chapped from the cold, poor fellow," she added, turning to her companion.

"Yes, I see," replied the gentleman, leaning forward and looking closely at the hand in question, which, having transferred the dime to the

THE REAGLE DOG GOT ON TO IT. He Let the Mire Go Down His Threat Jus

as the Shipper Williams Bog Bid,

lerseyman's flower beds have been cleaned up, he and his family have noticed that there has been a large increase in the number of mice in the house. All summer long there was hardly a mouse in the house. Once in a while there could be seen traces of mice indoors, and perhaps half a dozen were caught in the traps during that time. Out in the garden they were plentiful. There was a pile of bricks in which a great let of them lived, and they had deep burrows in the sandy sell as well. They were tame, and could often be seen running in and out among the plants, picking up seeds. They seemed to live principally upon the flower seeds. There were rats out in the garden, too. These came from a neighboring stable. They were also tame, and were often seen in the fall, especially about the long line of scarlet runner beam, which were trained over a division fence. The rats were after the ripcord beans. These they gathered by standing up on their hind legs and pulling the peds off with their from feet. When they had gathered a sufficient quantity to make a jog, they would run off and hide them and re-

turn for more. The Jerseyman also has some water rats which burrow into the banks of his two little ponds along the river side and occasionally let the water out, but he does not disturb any of these animals until he is obliged to do so for self-protection. His two dogs have the run of his place in the day time, but they have not been taught to hunt animals, and have left the rate and mice undisturbed during the summer.

The Reiden A yeans Preshyterian Church, the Rev. Bolden A yeans of the Cord's A years of Seminary avenue, lear the corper of Seminary avenue, learning the Seminary avenue avenue, learning the Seminary

IS THERE LUCK IN A BLACK CAT?

There is a little saloon not far from the Erie ferry where half a dozen compositors, a proof reader, and a reporter, who live along the line, meet every morning, after work is over, and chat until it is time to take the 4 o'clock boat, which connects with the first train out. One of the compositors appeared at the accustomed hour the other morning with a jet black kitten cosily snuggled in his arms. The kitten was placed on the bar, and at once became the centre of attraction. She was petted by all hands, the bartender gave her milk and fed her on the daintiest morsels from the lunch counter, and everybody told the owner of the cat what a

lucky fellow he was. ne declared that a let black cat, with not the slightest white mark upon it, could not fail to bring the best kind of good luck to the owner, and the omen was considered especially good because the cat had wandered into the composing room, probably from an adjoining roof, and, coming directly to his frame, had purred around his legs until he picked it up and made a bed for it on one of the cases beneath.

porred around his legs until he picked it up and made a bed for it on one of the cases beneath.

Suddenly one of the men glanced at the clock and cried: "It's i o'clock." Every man rushed through the doer and ran toward the ferry entrance. Before they arrived at the gates the gong sounded. The runners quickened their pace and dashed onto the boat just as the full-speci bell tingled in the engineer's room. With a live burden to retard him, the lucky compositor naturally brought up in the rear. As he ded through the gate, pussy, frightened at the excitement, jumped from his arms and scurried off the other way. The chase was short and swift. Picking her up, the compositor again started on his course, but when he arrived at the end of the slip he found the distance about three feet longer than he cared to jump. Without a worst he turned and walked back to the waiting room, and those on the boat did not have the heart to laugh out loud until they were inside the cabin doors. Then their mirth knew no bounds, for the man with the carb and one hour and forty-live minutes to wait for another train. It was saturday norming when this happened. Saturday is a long day for compositors, for, with the increased size of the Sanday newspapers, it is necessary to begin work several hours carlier than usual. Consequently the same group net in the smoking car of the early afternoon train. The lucky compositor was there. He looked tired and disgusted, and under the comforting influences of his cigar he unburdened himself.

"So you people thought a black out meaning on the monkey business in about two minutes. I knew you were all having a good laugh on me when I missed him bond himself. Well, I'll change that monkey business in about two minutes. I knew you were all having a good laugh on me when I missed he bond this morning, but when I got back to the waiting room! discovered I could live that be sone in you with when I got back to the waiting room! About half an hour after you arrived here. Well, I'll change that nonkey business i "Yes, 1 see," replied the gendleman, bearing forward and looking included the looking the turned and whitefolk and the turned and whitefolk bear the first to be for the same of the core, knowing the turned and whitefolk bear the first to be for the same of the core, knowing the territory of the same of the core has a seal of the core has a seal of the core has a first the minutes to wait for emother train. See the seal of the core has a first the minutes to wait for emother train, see the seal of the core has a first the minutes to wait for emother train, see that the seal of the core has a first the minutes of the seal of the core has a first the minutes of the seal of the core has a first the minutes of the seal of the core has a first the minutes of the seal of the core has a first the minutes of the seal of

WAS A HUMAN PINCUSHION.

THE WAY COLOR-SERGEANT STOOM Since cold weather set in and the observant GOT HIS NICKNAME. Eight Arrows Shot Into His Back by Apaches The Stars to Prove the Story -Caught Between Bears and Indians

FORT STAL, Dec. 6. The canteen is the soldier: ter many a story of Indian fighting has been told by veterans. Among them all few are strange than the explanation of the way Pincushing Sydow got his name. While the Thirteenth In fantry was here Sydow's back was available a evidence of the truth of the story,

Officers who fought side by side with Sydne have referred to him as "the bravest soldle they ever saw." Sydow was born In New York State and he enlisted in the army twenty year ago. He was made a sergeant eight months after his collectment for bravery in rescuing ! white woman and her haby from five Indiana He is one of the best shots in the army, having made splendid records at the annual competitions at Chicago. He is a magnificently man, 6 feet 2 inches tall. Across his forehead to a bread scar. His left hand shows where at arrow pierced it, leaving a long, ragged ciratrix On his back, between his broad shoulders, are eight scars similar to that on his left hand Each one marks an Apache arrow wound, When the Apaches broke out on their

famous slaughter path in June, 1885, from the San Carlos reservation. In Arizona, the Thirteenth was stationed in New Mexico, at Forts Wingate and Stanton, Geronimo led the Apaches. On Sunday morning, May 2, 1880. the Thirteenth took the field, together with troops of the Fourth and Sixth Cavairy, Same Daval, the famous guide, led Sydow's company, under Lieut, Fletcher H troop of the Sixth Cavalry, under Capt. Wallace, and 100 Mes aero Indian scouts, under Capt. Rogers, across the Baidy Mountains, through Milafi Springs, over the San Andreas Mountains, to the head of Coder Caffon-the very heart of the America' retreat. A permanent camp was made near Rhodes's ranch. The men reached there late in June. The troop of cavalry held the camp, ready for emergency, while the Indians and the Thirteenth men scoured the country at sight scouts. Traces of the Indians were fre quently found, but they could not be located until the second week of July. At 1 o'clock on the night of July 13, Muchacho Grando, one of the Indian scouts, hurried into camp and reported a hot trail of at least twenty warriors. Squads of scouts were immediately sent out. Sydow and five of his men were picked out to go straight into the caffon, up which the trail led. The opening of this cañon is known as Hacheta Gap. Sydow left camp at 2 o'clock. He carried

only his rifle and revolver. He reached the cañon, eleven miles north of the camp, three hours later. He scattered his five men and told them to work forward until they reached the Bear's Den trail, six miles ahead, when they should turn on it and meet at Wolf Rock, about 500 yards from the den itself. This den is known throughout the entire Southwest as a tunnel-like cave, which served as a retreat for the biggest bears in the Sierra Andreas Mountains. The march of Sydow's men up the mountain was most arduous. Huge boulders and bluffs and sand drifts blocked their progress. Sydow himself took the trail up the caffon, scaling precipices and climbing and digging on all fours up the sand drifts. About 8 o'clock in the morning he came upon the fresh trail of the Apaches Their moccasined feet left their imprint plainly in the sand. Sydow buckled to the trail and pushed ahead. It was slow work, It took him four hours to travel two miles. The trail led straight up the canon toward Bear's Den. Sydow traced it easily until within a mile of the famous cave it vanished. He searched high and low but could find no trace of it. Finally he decided to push ahead to Wolf's Rock and meet his men there, and with them try to pick up the lost trail. In order to reach Wolf's Rock from the caffon he was forced to work his way beyond it and double back to it. passing within 100 feet of Bear's Den. He began to climb the bluff to the level of

Bear's Den about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He reached the level after an hour's steady work. Cautiously he crept up beyond Bear's Den. This den opens at the bottom of the bluff at the top of which is Wolf's Rock. About twenty feet above the den there is an offset in the bluff, making a shelf about ten feet wide. Between this shelf and the den the bluff is aimost perpendicular, and a man can climb it by drawing himself up by the roots of shrubbery and projecting points of rock. With his rifle swung on his back Sydow began this climb. When within eight feet of the top he drew himself together to swing unward, when he heard a deen him. He looked up and saw peering over the offset in the bluff the bideous painted face of an Apache. The Indian's right arm hung low over the edge, grasping a knife. In a fla-a Sydow took in the situation. Above him were the Apaches; below him was the Bear's Den. 1f he climbed up it would be to meet an Apache knife. If he started to climb down he would be brained by an Apache tomahawk. His decision was quickly taken. First making a move as if to climb up, he suddenly droppol free of the bluff down to the mouth of Bear's Den and sought shelter there. His eyes were blinded by the change from light to the darkness of the cave, and at first he could not see. But finally in the dim light he saw in the low, narrow ton nel three big mountain bears. They seemed surprised at first sight of their visitor. Then they slowly rose on their hannches and racked to and fre, growling. Sydow crouched close against the side of the cave, knowing the

Apaches would pursue him hotiy.